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SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1915.

## A Line of Cheer Each Day of the Year.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

First printing of an original poem, written daily for The Washington Herald.

### NO LACK.

When I'm in need of miracles to hold me to my duty

I gaze upon the sea and land,  
I look about on every hand,  
On earth and all its beauty.

I cast my eyes  
Up to the skies  
Whose wonders nearly blind them.

And everywhere, or high or low  
In scenes of woe, or scenes of woe  
In endless stories I find them.

(Copyright, 1915.)

Gen. Blot has abandoned hope of being elected president of Haiti. A man with a name like that would be tempting fate by accepting the job.

Still, we don't see that the osteopaths are doing themselves any good by telling the public how to avoid becoming spavined or getting themselves out of joint.

A young Philadelphian who embezzled \$5,000 is perfectly willing to end his life in order that his insurance may be used to wipe out his sin, or do any other little thing like that to conclusively prove his repentance.

George W. Perkins declares that the Progressive party is the only one that stands for preparedness for peace as well as war, but leaders of both the other parties are willing and ready to make the same declaration at the proper time.

Complaint has been made that the United States torpedoed Barney is making itself a nuisance to the navigation of other craft on the Potomac River. If the Barney is ever called upon to save an enemy, it is to be hoped that we shall hear similar complaints.

The warden of Joliet penitentiary has resigned because the governor of Illinois refused to give him permission to live outside the prison in which his wife was murdered by a "trustee." Though sympathy will be with the warden, it is difficult to see how the governor could have adopted any other course.

Uncle Sam has his own ideas about the sort of women who shall juggle mail for him. Some time ago he barred the feminine member of the matrimonial firm whose ambition to swell the family coffer drove her to work. Now he goes a step further by refusing to employ any but the wholly-free divorcee.

In their enlightening powwows out in Portland, Ore., delegates to the osteopathic convention expressed the opinion that "high steps on street cars and strap-hanging are wrecking the anatomy of the American people," but failed to express an opinion of the effect of the Maxixe, Texas Tommy, fox trot, Castle glide, spinless spiral, and other species of the modern dance.

A steady increase in the number of insane persons in New York State during the last twenty-five years is shown by figures given out by Francis M. Hugo, secretary of state. He reports that there are 30,420 insane persons in the hospitals and private institutions of the State, or 35.6 persons out of each 100,000 of population. In 1880 the proportion for 100,000 population was 249, in 1900 304, and in 1912 350.7. And startling as these figures are, it must be remembered that they do not include the New Yorkers who are running at large.

The Comptroller of the Treasury has refused to approve as a proper charge against the government the cost of a telegram sent by a special agent of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations to a news agency telling of the wonderful discoveries and achievements of John D. Rockefeller. The telegram advised the news agency to feature the "remarkable dramatic struggle" as a "human interest" story of magnitude, but the comptroller refuses to regard it as official business. The disclosure of this systematic effort to make the commission famous is interesting chiefly because of its utter failure. The press agent's lack of success was evidently due to the hopelessness of the cause he represented.

The Providence Journal comes right back with a reaffirmation of its story of a conspiracy by Capt. Boy-Ed and other officials of the German Embassy to foment additional trouble for the United States in Mexico. The Journal insists that "every word of the printed story relating to the German Ambassador or Capt. Boy-Ed was correct in every particular. The proposal for the carrying out of this plot was made directly by Capt. Boy-Ed, indignantly refused, and then exposed in detail at the suggestion of the Providence Journal to the President of the United States." It adds that "the mouthpiece of Ambassador von Bernstorff calls the Journal's exposure 'funny,' 'ridiculous,' and 'crazy.' It may be an oversight, intentional or otherwise, but no representative of the German Embassy has yet called the story 'untrue.' It is, therefore, quite safe to accept at least one statement as true, without waiting for verification. The story of the alleged plot has been brought to the attention of President Wilson, and presumably he has deemed it advisable to have it investigated."

## A Time-consuming Conference.

Diplomatic reasons presumably make it necessary for this government to keep secret the conditions upon which invitations were extended to and accepted by the envoys of six South American republics to enter into conference with representatives of the United States upon the subject of the future of the Republic of Mexico. At any rate, the people of this country are kept in total ignorance of the program and of what is transpiring. In spite of the industrious efforts of the alert newspaper correspondents, the public is not permitted to know whether the administration is merely seeking the advice of some of the governments of South America as to how best to solve the troublesome problem that it has hitherto jealously regarded as wholly its own, whether it has committed itself in advance to the carrying out, singlehanded, of any plan that may be approved of as a result of the conference, or whether the hope and purpose is to define and adopt a policy to be put into effect by the concerted action of all the nations that are parties to it. Presumably the invitations to the diplomats were in writing and in the name of the United States, and the language in which they were tendered and accepted would throw a great illumination upon the methods contemplated for the attainment of the end in view. But this, too, is a well-guarded secret.

Theoretically, the consultation of the South American republics is a correct proceeding, but when the question is asked whether it gives promise of practical results there will be a disposition to look to last year's negotiations at Niagara Falls for the answer. Even if the administration is asking simply for neighborly advice as to the management of what it may still regard as its own affair, it will require time for the South American governments to agree unanimously upon what advice is to be given. And if the six republics are expected to give formal assent to a definite policy for the pacification of Mexico, to be carried out by the United States with their moral support and approval, a much longer time would necessarily elapse before this country could proceed to action. It might be assumed that the latter course would mark the limit to which our southern neighbors would care to volunteer to share our Mexican burden. But if it was the intention of the President and his advisers in inviting the conference to attempt to form an active coalition for the regeneration of Mexico, by force if necessary, then we may quite reasonably expect to see the end of the present administration before any real accomplishment. Such a program would mean discussion of the application of the Monroe doctrine, with a view to the future as well as the present, and deliberation and debate in the capital of each nation involved, occupying far more time than the preliminary conference promises to consume. The adjournment of the conference, after two sessions in Washington, to meet some day next week in New York is an indication that no very rapid progress is being made.

And in the meantime there is no appreciable improvement in the shameful conditions in Mexico, and the warring factions give no evidence of a disposition to compose their differences and restore peace and order in obedience to the President's demand of more than two months ago. In fairness to the President it must be assumed that it is his intention to carry out the terms of his proclamation of last June and "very soon" give the "active moral support" of this country to "some man or group of men" capable of bringing peace to Mexico, without permitting any long period to elapse while six South American nations are seeking to reach an agreement as to the magnitude and the details of the part, if any, that they are to take in redeeming the adjoining republic from conditions that for years have been a disgrace to civilization. From present indications it seems a vain hope that the diplomatic conference will mark the way for the immediate relief of a suffering and oppressed people, a duty that the cause of humanity and our national pride bids us to proceed to without delay.

## Needless Sacrifice of Life.

The railroads of the country, following the extensive and successful "safety first" campaign, which had for its object the reduction of the number of deaths and cases of injury traceable to carelessness on the part of their employees, have begun a vigorous crusade to prevent automobilists from recklessly jeopardizing their own lives at points where the highways are crossed by railroad tracks. Startling devices for warning have been installed in zones of danger, and the press has lent its aid to the effort to teach the operators of motorcars caution and to discourage the "sport" of racing high-power machines against death. The latest word in the appeal to save the automobilists from themselves comes from Fairfax Harrison, president of the Southern Railway, who presents figures showing that in the year ended June 30, 1915, there were sixty-nine accidents to automobiles and their occupants at points where highways cross the Southern's tracks at grade. In these accidents twelve persons were killed and fifty-eight injured, the automobiles in every instance being demolished or damaged.

Mr. Harrison states: "Without seeking to avoid just responsibility for what the officers or employees of the railroad do or omit, but recalling that a railroad employee whose carelessness causes an accident is, in the public interest, subject to discipline which affects his livelihood, it is probably fair to say that a large proportion of these accidents happened solely through the carelessness of the drivers of automobiles, or their lack of experience in dealing with vehicles at high speed. There are among them also well authenticated cases of deliberate assumption of risk by the drivers of automobiles from pure love of excitement and speed, evidenced by racing trains and seeking the thrill of a narrow escape. Our engineering report such occurrences daily."

At the risk of censure, because of the popular hostility of travelers by highway to railroads and all their wicked works, we venture to say that President Harrison has minimized rather than exaggerated the responsibility of the operators of the automobiles for the long list of accidents. With reasonable caution, nearly all such accidents at railway crossings could be avoided. The old familiar warning, "Stop, look, and listen," should convey a meaning of new and vital importance to the careful chauffeur, and invariable observance of it would save many lives and broken limbs in the United States in the course of a year.

Upon the class of maniacs referred to by President Harrison who deliberately seek the "thrill of a narrow escape" words and warnings are wasted. People of sound mind should shun them, and if compelled to head by themselves the laws

of chance and compensation would the sooner eliminate the menace of their tribe. In the case of those responsible for the death or injury of others because of carelessness or a mere desire without necessity to save a minute of time, there is no apparent reason why the law should not be invoked to punish them.

## The Giant's Daughter.

By JOHN D. BARRY.

(In Two Parts. Part I was printed in Yesterday's Herald.)

One day the giant, greatly to his own surprise, resolved that he would endure the situation no longer. He would build a hut for himself. He would provide his own meals. He would do just enough work to keep himself alive. He would try to forget that he had a daughter.

That night, instead of going home, he took the reward of his day's work and he threw it on the ground under a great tree. Then he foraged on the mountainside for food. After all, he did not need much. A few berries and herbs would keep him alive. The next day he would draw on the plentiful resources all about him. At the thought he glowed with pleasure. The task would be slight compared with the fearful efforts he had been making in his former days' work.

When the giant had gathered enough to sustain him he built a fire of dry wood and he stretched himself before it and he had the best sleep he had known in years.

The next morning his daughter came and found him digging in the earth. She approached him wrathfully. "Why didn't you come home last night?"

The giant went on digging. "What are you doing? Why aren't you at your work?"

He looked at her with his great reproachful eyes. "I am going to build a house for myself. She broke into a scornful laugh. "Who will take care of it for you and who will take care of you?"

"I will take care of myself and I will take care of my house, too," he quietly replied.

"You must be crazy," she said. "The sooner you come to your senses the better for you. Do you understand?"

The giant went on digging. "I understand," he said.

In a rage, she began to scold again. The giant made no response till she said: "Haven't you sense enough to realize that you owe everything to me?"

He suddenly turned and looked at the bedizen-like figure. Then he burst into loud laughter. It echoed and re-echoed through the mountains. The girl fled in terror.

For the next few weeks the giant did not see his daughter. He was very happy. It seemed wonderful to him that he should be able to build a house for himself and to find plenty to eat without having to endure the old tyranny. He was glad, too, that his daughter was letting him alone. Perhaps she could be happy in her own way.

A few days later, while the giant was working on his house, now almost finished, he heard a slow step on the mountainside. He glanced around and in the distance he observed his daughter. He wondered why she was walking so slowly. As she came nearer he saw that she looked wasted and ill, and that her beautiful clothes were worn and tattered.

He turned his back and went on working. He heard her come close to him, so close that he could feel her breath on his cheek. She was leaning toward him. "Father," she whispered.

He drew away, fearing to look at her. The sight of her would tear at his heart. But he must not show the least pity or love.

"Father," she repeated.

He turned. The suffering in her face was terrible to see.

"What do you want?" he asked, trying to keep his voice stern.

"Have pity, father," she said. "I cannot live without you. You gave me life and you kept me alive with your strength. Since you went away all the treasure you lavished on me has turned to dust. I did not understand before, father. But now I understand."

She was so weak that she tottered and sank to the ground.

He lifted her in his great arms and placed her on the couch he had built for himself. He gave her drink and food. Presently she opened her eyes and she said, "Forgive me, father."

He took her hand and held it tightly. She could feel his hand tremble.

"Are you still afraid of me, father?"

"I am afraid that you will try to make me your slave again."

"If you will only save me, I will work for you, father. I will give you my life as you have given me yours."

"Am I not your child, father?" the girl pleaded.

"You turned against me," said the giant. His great frame shivered.

"Is there no way of winning back your love?" After a long time the girl replied: "There is only one way. Show me whether you are my daughter in truth as well as in name."

"How shall I show you?"

"By working with me, side by side."

The girl seemed to be infused with strength. She rose from the couch. "Shall we go back together, father?"

"We will stay here."

Side by side, through the long day, they labored on the new house. The lighter tasks he left to her. He had to teach her everything.

At the end of the day they were both tired but happy.

"Father," said the girl, "I am just beginning to live."

## Mr. Bryan's Acrobatic Ally.

The recently assumed pro-German attitude of the New York American has resulted in the hair-raising execution by Mr. Hearst's newspaper of the most amazing journalistic somersault on record. From a merciless lambasting of the "grape juice" in editorials and cartoons, the American now proclaims Mr. Bryan as a greater statesman and diplomat than the people of the United States ever dreamed of, as in fact the "only statesman or diplomat" ever connected with the Wilson administration. According to the American, Mr. Bryan in a few short weeks has changed from the shirking, ineffectual, trimmer and self-seeker, to the noblest of patriots. In Washington those who have noticed the Post steer by the Hearst compass are looking forward to a Hearst-McLean combination supporting Bryan for the Presidency. —The Observer.

# OUR COUNTRY—OUR PRESIDENT

## A History of the American People

# WOODROW WILSON

## ACTIVITY OF THE PRIVATEERSMEN.

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Even the seas were no longer free for the movements of the British fleet, now that France was America's ally and French fleets were gathering under orders for the American coast. Every month the war had cost the English had found their commerce and their movement of stores and transports more and more embarrassed by the American privateersmen.

There were bold and experienced seamen at every port of the long coast. The little vessels which were so easily set up and finished by skilled carpenters and riggers in almost any quiet inlet were sure to be fast and deftly handled when they got to sea; kept clear of his majesty's fleets and of too closely guarded harbors; cruised wherever the wisest of their sagacious masters took them; and had generally to be heavily overmatched to be beaten.

They had taken more than five hundred British soldiers from the transports before the Congress at Philadelphia had uttered its declaration of independence.

Their prizes numbered more than four hundred and fifty the year of Saratoga and Brandywine, and the fight in the morning mist at Germantown, though there were seventy ships of war upon the coast. The very coasts of England had been made almost untenable.

Mr. Franklin went to France in the autumn of 1779 with his pocket full of blank letters of marque, and American privateersmen from out the French ports caught prizes enough in English waters to keep the commissioners in Paris well filled in money for their part.

In January, 1778, Capt. Rathbune, in the Providence, actually seized the fort in the harbor of Nassau in New Providence of the Bahamas, and took possession of town and shipping; and in the spring of that same year John Paul Jones performed the same daring feat at Whitehaven by Solway Firth in England itself.

These privateersmen, it turned out, were more to be feared for the present than the fleets of France.

The Count d'Estaing was, indeed, despatched to America with twelve ships of the line and six frigates, with four thousand troops aboard; and his fleet appeared off Sandy Hook in midsummer, 1778, while Sir Henry Clinton was still fresh from his flight at Monmouth.

But the too cautious admiral came and went, and that was all. He would not attempt an attack upon the English fleet within the bay at New York, though it was of scarcely half his strength. His pilots told him that his larger ships could not cross the bar.

Newport was the only other harbor the English held, and there he allowed Lord Howe to draw his fleet off. A storm separated the fleets before they could come to terms, and his cruise ended peacefully in Boston harbor.

But it was a heavy thing for England to have French fleets to reckon with, and embarrassments thickened very ominous about her.

Monday—The Indian Peril.

Mrs. Robert M. Thompson has given the use of her grounds at South Hampton Island, for a benefit for the South Hampton Fresh Air Home to be given next Thursday.

Mr. Thomas Jenkins leaves town today to spend the week-end in Maryland.

Mr. Paret, the minister from Peru, and Mme. Paret are in New York making headquarters at the Vanderbilt Hotel.

Constantin Effendi, second secretary of the Turkish Embassy, is the guest of the Austrian Ambassador and Mme. Dumba at the Pops.

Miss T. Kingcombe, of Vancouver, British Columbia, has arrived at the Shoreham for a short stay.

Much social interest is centered these days on Saratoga, where the races open last week. Gen. Nelson A. Miles was frequently seen in Mr. Perry Belmont's box. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Letter arrived at Saratoga yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Widener. Among the interesting folk at Saratoga this week are Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt and Mr. and Mrs. Charles O'Connell.

Mrs. Julia Kellogg Bradley was one of the dancers at a cotillion at the White Sulphur Springs, last Thursday. Mrs. Bradley is one of the popular members of the summer colony in that resort.

Mr. Robert A. Carman and Mr. James D. Johnson are touring through New Jersey.

Mr. Charles Cary Rumsey, eldest son of the late Mr. Cary Rumsey, is in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Taylor, of Staunton, Va., the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Irby. The Misses Clay, of Richmond, also are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Irby.

Miss Dorothy Wyeth will go to Deer Park today, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Wyeth. Representative and Mrs. Joseph Eggle for about ten days.

Mrs. Mignon Uke Lamsaure has just returned from a very interesting ten-thousand-mile trip out West, visiting Nevada, California, and the Coast of Mexico. She is spending the remainder of the summer with her family at Norwood, Bethesda, Md.

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# Doings of Society

Miss Lansing, sister of the Secretary of War, arrived in Washington yesterday from her home in Watertown, N. Y., and will be the guest of the Secretary of State and Mrs. Lansing for a week. At present the newly appointed secretary has made no plans even for short trips away from the capital and both he and Mrs. Lansing will remain here throughout the summer.

Mr. Walter H. Bower, of New York City, has arrived at the Shoreham, where he will spend some time.

Mrs. William Gibbs McAdoo is again taking a prominent part in the activities of Rockland and her informal entertainments at Camden and Vinahaven are attended with much interest.

Mr. Walter Tuckerman, of this city, is the guest of Miss Emily Tuckerman in Stockbridge, Mass.

Mr. Coleman Duke, of this city, will leave with a party from Baltimore on Monday for Plattsburgh, where they will join the United States Military Training Camp.

Former Senator and Mrs. James Young, of Guilford, are registered at Marlborough-Blenheim, Atlantic City, where they will probably remain for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fuller, who have just recently returned from Mexico, where Mr. Fuller spent some time as special representative of the President, entertained at luncheon in the green room of the Willard yesterday.

Senator Henry F. Lippitt and Mrs. Lippitt sailed to Narragansett Pier yesterday from Warwick Neck, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Cress Morris, of Milwaukee, Wis., are at the Shoreham for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Pickford are spending the week-end at Boston. Mr. Pickford will return within a day or so while Mrs. Pickford and her son will visit Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Drury at York Beach, Me.

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